

this wall on top of some other papers.
 was 23, and I went into the ladies'
 sitting room. I saw a man sitting
 there was quite a good many people there,
 the depot and carriages outside, but I
 did not see the president's carriage. I ex-
 amined my revolver, and then, at 10 o'clock,
 I left, and took off the paper that I had
 tacked around it to keep the moisture off.
 I saw a man sitting in the ladies' sitting
 room on a seat in the ladies' room, very
 near the president drove up. He was in
 company with a gentleman who, I under-
 stand, was Mr. Blaine. I did not know
 or recognize him. This gentleman looked very
 old, and he had a peculiar kind of head-
 gear, that I did not recognize as that
 of Mr. Blaine. I did not know who
 was Mr. Blaine, nor that my attention has been
 specially called to it, because it was the
 gentleman who was sitting in the president's
 carriage the night before, and I know positively
 that gentleman was Mr. Blaine. The
 president and this gentleman drove up in a
 single-seated carriage with two horses.
 When the gentleman, I think, was driving
 as a single carriage—a single-seated top
 carriage. The president seemed to be in very
 good spirits, and he was talking to this
 gentleman, who evidently was Mr. Blaine,
 although, at the time I did not recognize
 him as Mr. Blaine. They sat in the carriage
 for some time, and then they got out, but
 did not complete their conversation when they
 reached the depot, and during the interview
 of two minutes they finished their conver-
 sation. I saw them get into the car, and
 get out on the pavement side and Mr. Blaine

"There was quite a large crowd of ticket buyers the gates. The ladies' ticket office, the adjacent room, and the main entrance were quite full of people. There was quite a crowd and commotion around, and the confusion was caused by the fact that the ladies' room to the right of passing from the ladies' room to the main entrance through the door, I should say he was about four or five feet from the door nearest the ladies' ticket office, in the main entrance door to get through the depot to the cars. He was about three or four feet from the door. I stood five or six feet behind him to the right in the main entrance, and he was in the act of walking away from me. I pulled out the revolver and fired. He frightened up and threw his head back and his arms out and fell to the floor. I did not seem to know what struck him. I asked him; he did not drop, I thereupon asked again. He dropped his head, seemed to be dead, and fell to the floor. I was the first shot hit; I aimed at the hollow of his back; I did not aim for any particular place, but I knew if I got those two bullets in his back he would go. I was in a diagonal direction from the Presi-

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himself against Hancock.' He glanced his eyes over the letter and I was telling him about reading it at once to the white house. He explained the matter, and he said, 'We will put you into the white house.' So I said nothing after that. They took me around a dark place and put me in a cell, they did not explain the matter, and off I did not go away one for ten minutes, and then one or two parties came and took a look at me; then policemen and detectives, and they said, 'I don't know him; I don't know that man; never saw him before.'

Gems from Many Authors.

The dew of compassion is a tear.—Byron.

Genius is eternal patience.—Michael Angelo.

A woman's fitness comes by fits.—Shakspeare.

Heaven gives its favorites early death.—Byron.

Women like Princes, find few real friends.—Lord Lytton.

The society of women is the element of good manners.—Goethe.

You will find poetry nowhere unless you have some with you.—Joubert.

None but the guilty can be long and completely miserable.—Goldsmith.

A curious fact—Susan deprived Job of everything except his wife.—Anon.

Beauty is the first present nature gives to man, and the first it takes away.—More.

Bad men hate sin through fear of punishment. Good men hate sin through love of virtue.—Juvenal.

Thou wilt be great only in proportion as thou are gentle and courteous to suffer the passion.—Pensloe.

Woe teach the great reconciler. has

name, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—George Eliot.

Communism possesses a language which every people can understand. Its elements are hunger, envy, death.—Heinrich Heine.

One must feel intellectually secure before he can begin to dress shabbily; no one but a genius or a great scholar dares to be dirty.—Irving.

The right of commanding is no longer an advantage transmitted by nature like an inheritance; it is the fruit of labors, the price of courage.—Voltaire.

Use dispatch. Remember the world will look at you to create. Ask me for whatever you please except time; that is the only thing that is beyond my power.—Napoleon.

My cares are blessed thistles unto me,
Which wholesome are, although they bitter be
And, though their leaves with prickles over-
grown,
(Which pain may) yet their feathers are full
of down.—George Withers.

The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired.
The good things of fortune, the virtue of adversity, fortitude, which in morals, is